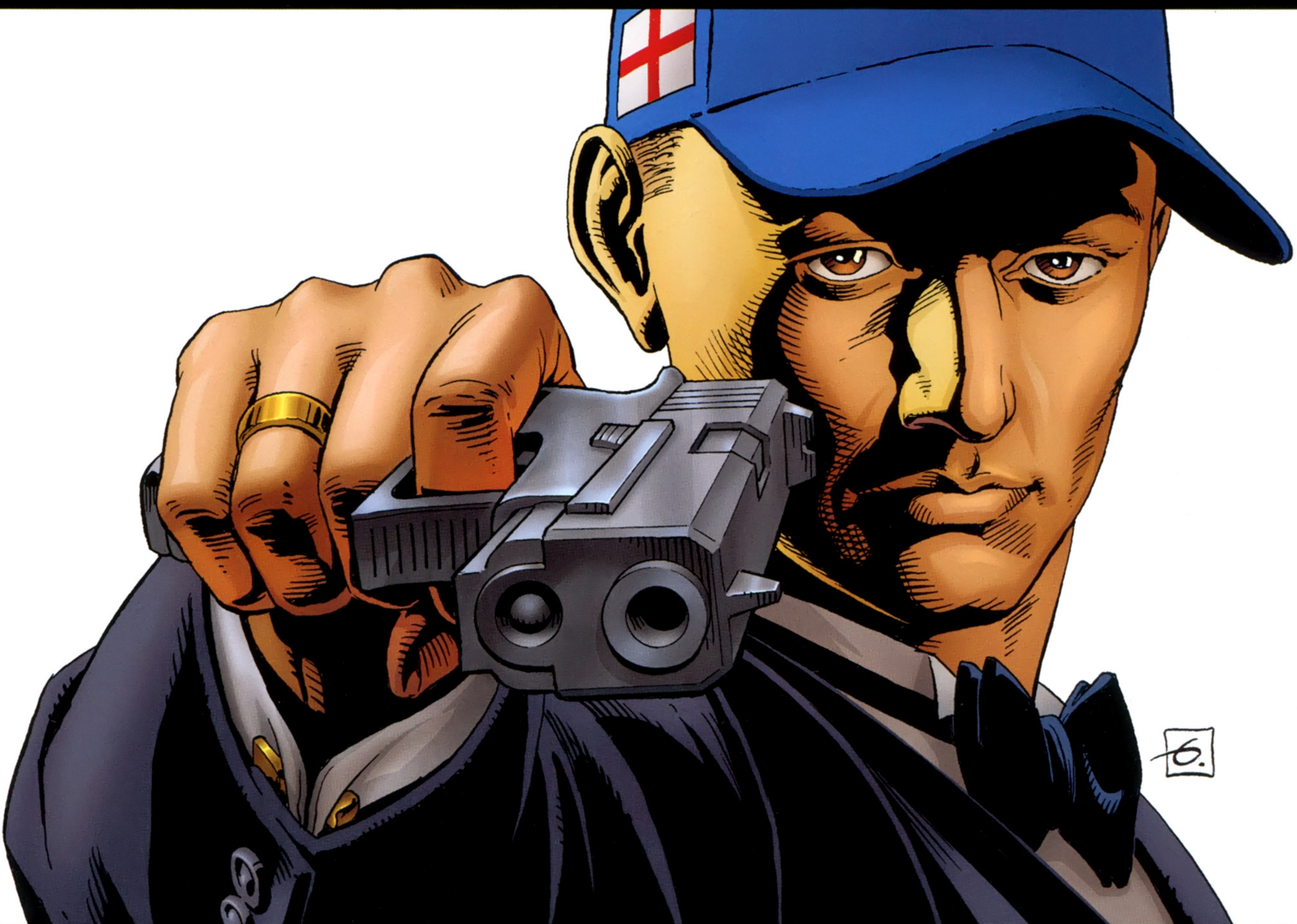
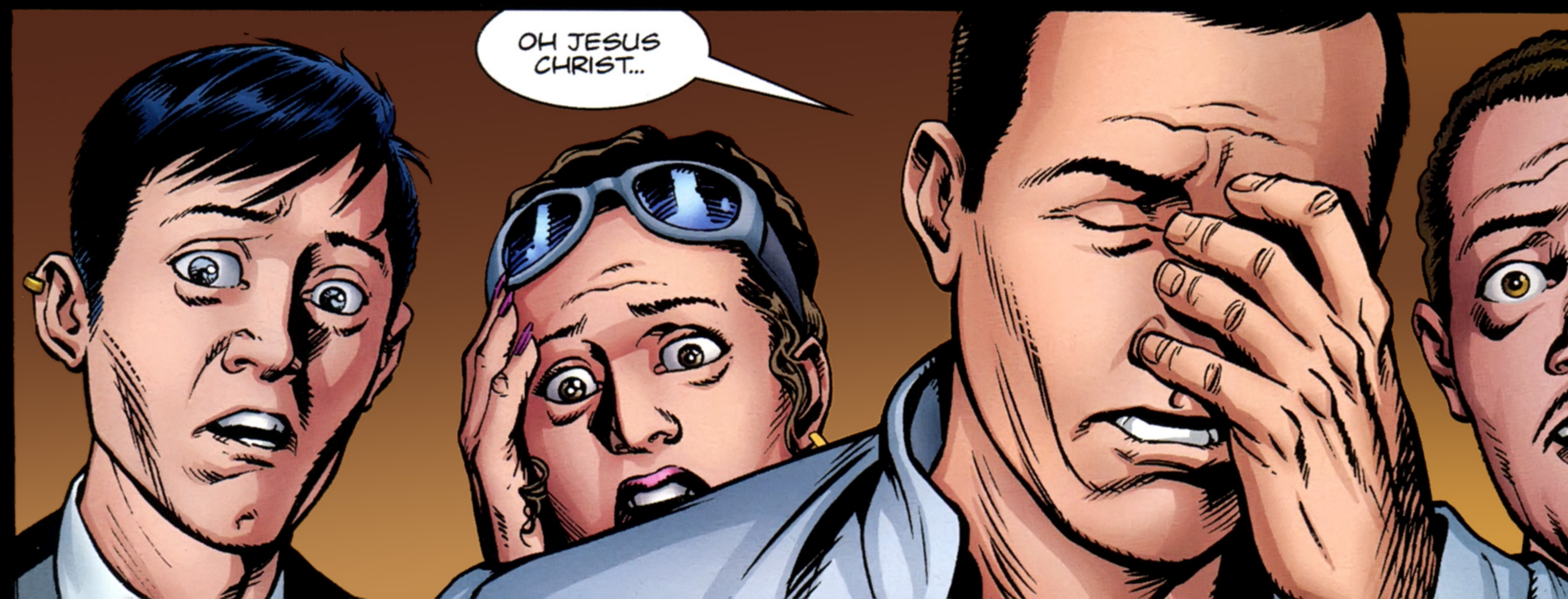


MARK MILLAR DAVE GIBBONS

the **SECRET SERVICE**™



6
\$4.99



"YOU SAW
THE WHOLE
THING?"



SPY-
TRAINING
SCHOOL,
GOSPORT:

WE WERE
VIDEO-LINKED.
SPY-GLASSES. I
SAW THE BULLET
COMING RIGHT
THROUGH THE
PEEP-HOLE LIKE
I'D BEEN SHOT
IN THE FACE
MYSELF.

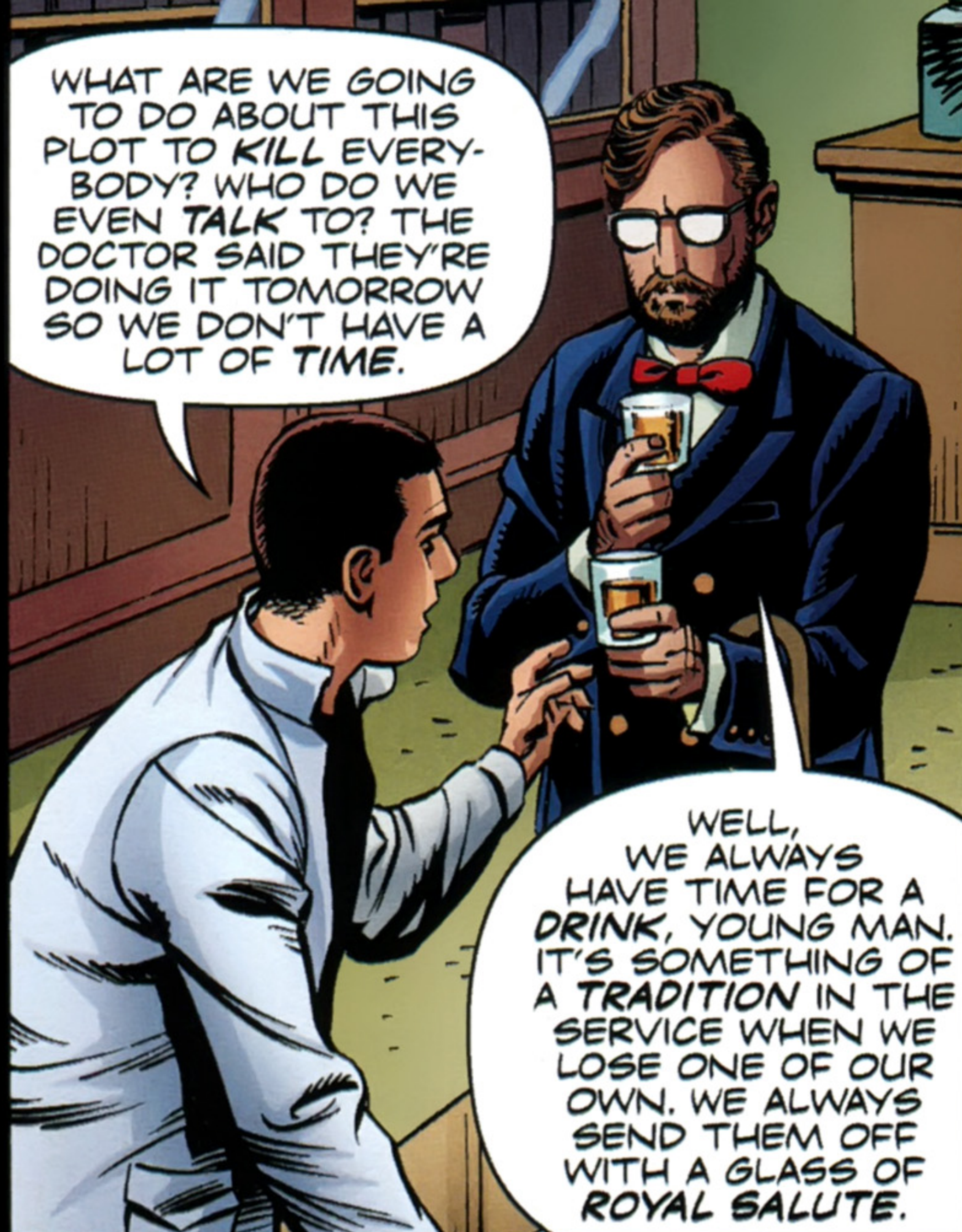
HE
WAS THE
ONLY PERSON
WHO EVER
BELIEVED IN ME,
MISTER GRAVES.
THE ONLY ONE
OF MY FAMILY
WHO EVER SAID
I WAS **WORTH**
ANYTHING.



HOW COULD
MY UNCLE JACK
BE DEAD? I JUST
CAN'T GET MY
HEAD AROUND IT.
HE WAS ALWAYS
SO FUCKING
EXCELLENT.

THAT HE
WAS, GARY.
THAT HE
WAS.





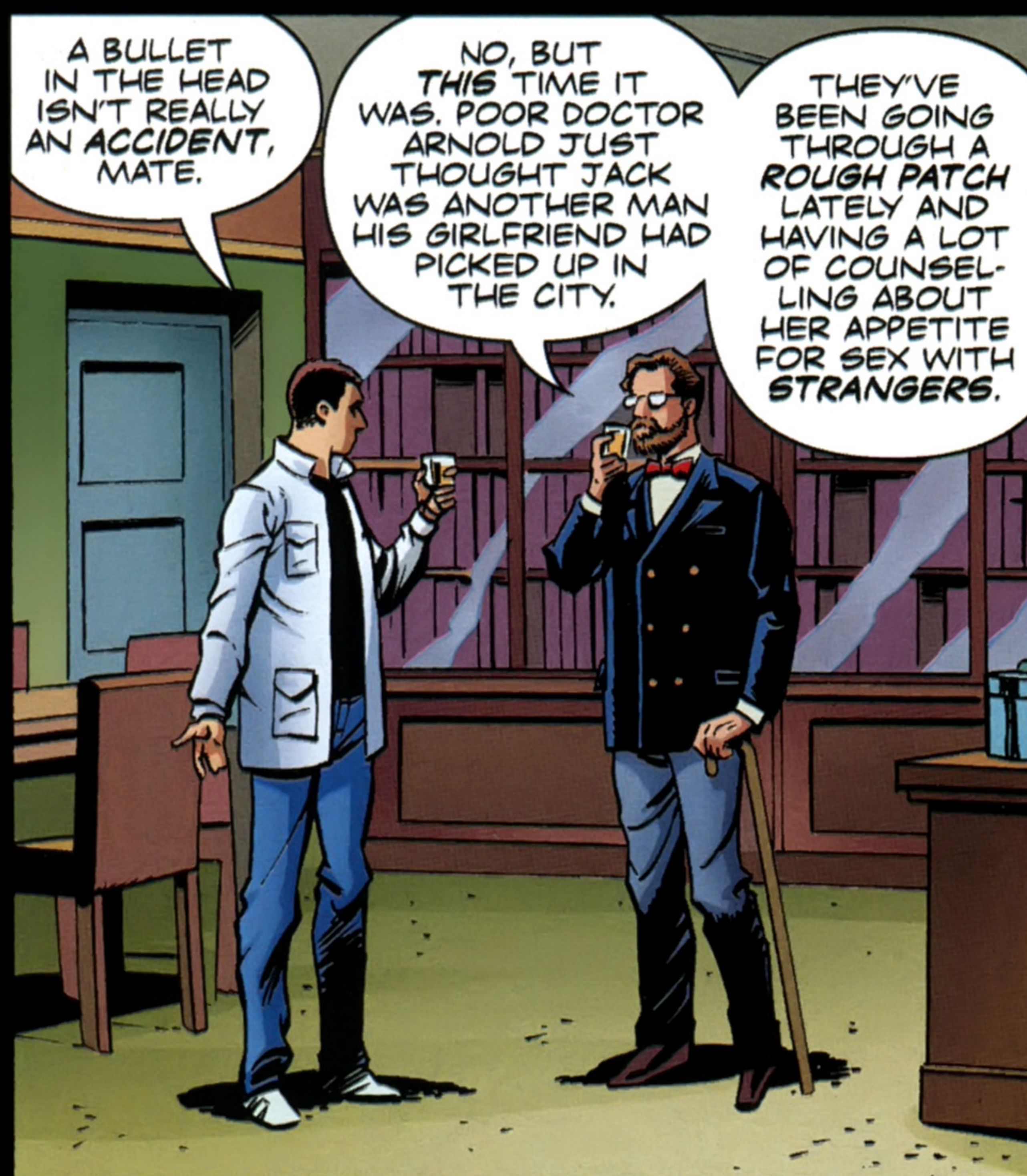
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS PLOT TO KILL EVERYBODY? WHO DO WE EVEN TALK TO? THE DOCTOR SAID THEY'RE DOING IT TOMORROW SO WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME.

WELL, WE ALWAYS HAVE TIME FOR A DRINK, YOUNG MAN. IT'S SOMETHING OF A TRADITION IN THE SERVICE WHEN WE LOSE ONE OF OUR OWN. WE ALWAYS SEND THEM OFF WITH A GLASS OF ROYAL SALUTE.



YOUR UNCLE AND I TOASTED A LOT OF OLD PALS OVER THE YEARS.... STEED, GAMBIT, EVEN SOME OF THE OLD-TIMERS LIKE DRAKE AND TEMPLAR ONCE UPON A TIME.

WE ALWAYS ASSUME WE'LL GO OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY, BUT IT'S USUALLY JUST ILLNESS OR AN ACCIDENT LIKE JACK'S.



A BULLET IN THE HEAD ISN'T REALLY AN ACCIDENT, MATE.

NO, BUT THIS TIME IT WAS. POOR DOCTOR ARNOLD JUST THOUGHT JACK WAS ANOTHER MAN HIS GIRLFRIEND HAD PICKED UP IN THE CITY.

THEY'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH A ROUGH PATCH LATELY AND HAVING A LOT OF COUNSELING ABOUT HER APPETITE FOR SEX WITH STRANGERS.



H-HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

BECAUSE I'M WORKING FOR ARNOLD, OF COURSE. RECRUITING OUR PEOPLE TO HIS WONDERFUL PLAN. I ACTUALLY HOPED WE MIGHT RECRUIT JACK, BUT THERE'S NO CHANCE OF THAT NOW, IS THERE?

IT WAS ME WHO BROUGHT IN GAZELLE AND THE OTHERS. I PICKED MOST OF HIS GUARDS FROM OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

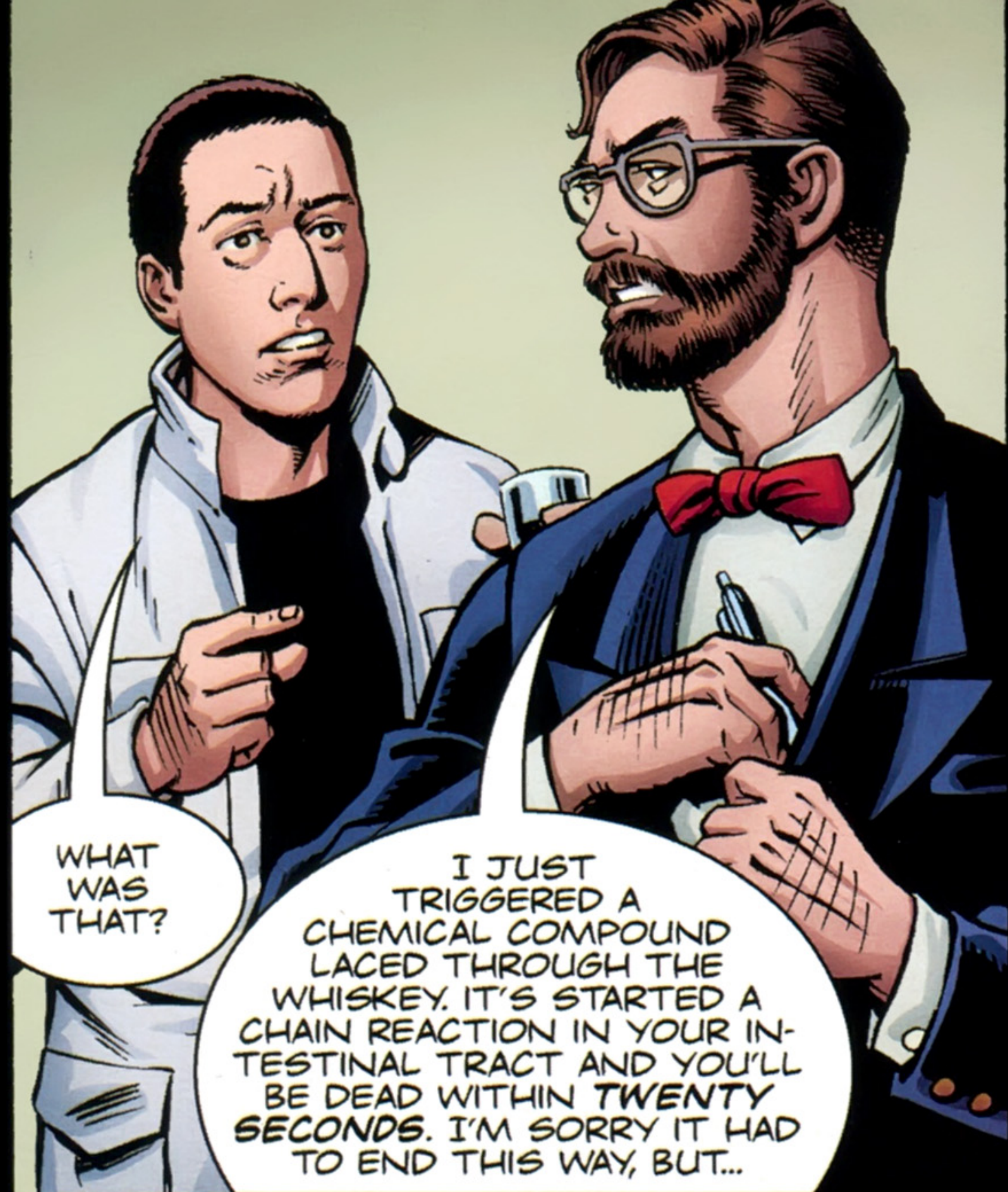


B-BUT WHY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

WHY WOULDN'T I? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SAVING THE WORLD IN THIS GAME, BUT LOOK AT THE BLOODY MESS IT'S ALWAYS IN.

I'VE BEEN SERVING THIS DEPARTMENT FOR THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AND, BELIEVE ME, WE'RE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE OUT THERE.







SHIT.



WELL...
I S'POSE I'D
BETTER START
RECRUITING AT
THE BOTTOM.



THE DORMITORY.

WAKE,
WAKEY,
BOYS AND
GIRLS...



...YOU AND I
HAVE GOT A
PLANE TO
CATCH.

OLYMPUS:

WHO'S THIS
COMING IN NOW,
GAZELLE?

THE ACTORS FROM
RED DWARF, DOCTOR
ARNOLD. WE SPIKED
THEIR DRINKS AT A SCI-FI
CONVENTION AND BUNDLED
THEM IN A TRUCK. YOU
WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW
MUCH OF A **FIGHT**
THEY PUT UP.

I THOUGHT
THEY'D BE **PLEASED** TO
SURVIVE **THE FREQUENCY**,
BUT ONLY **MISTER**
SHATNER HAS EXPRESSED
ANY KIND OF
ENTHUSIASM.

HE'S AN
INTERESTING
GUY, ISN'T HE?
I THOUGHT HE'D BE
SQUEAMISH ABOUT THE
FIVE BILLION DEATHS,
BUT HE SEEMS MORE
INTRIGUED THAN
ANYTHING ELSE.

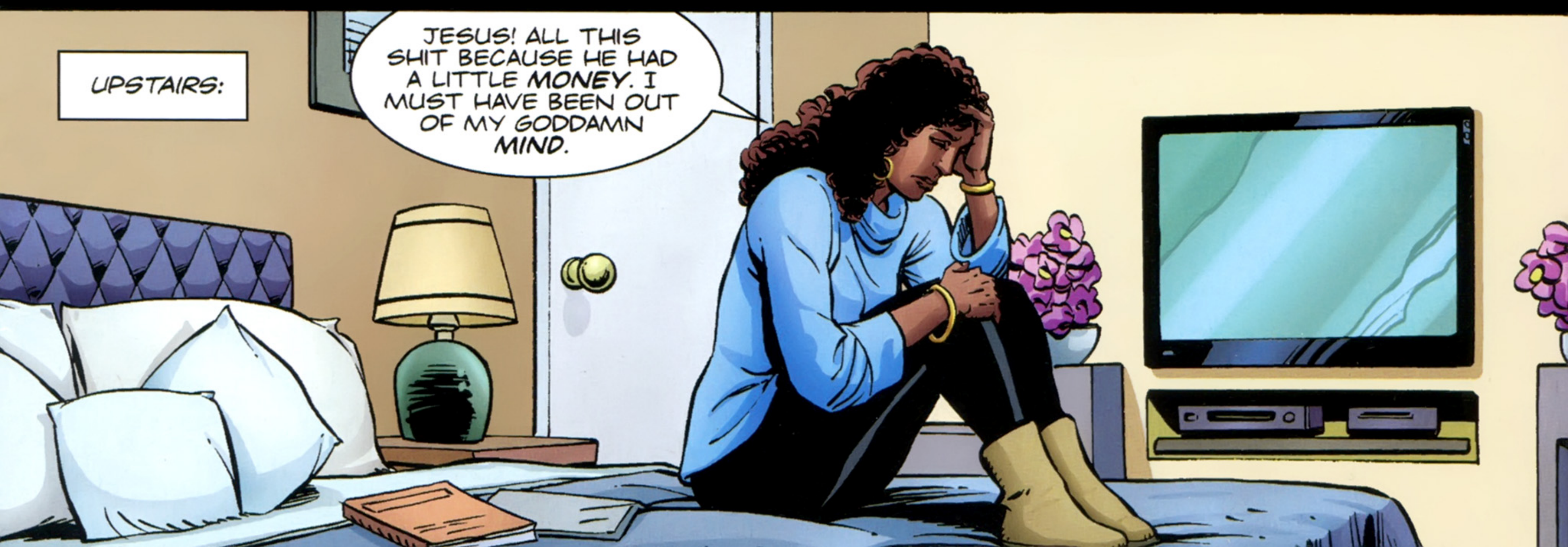
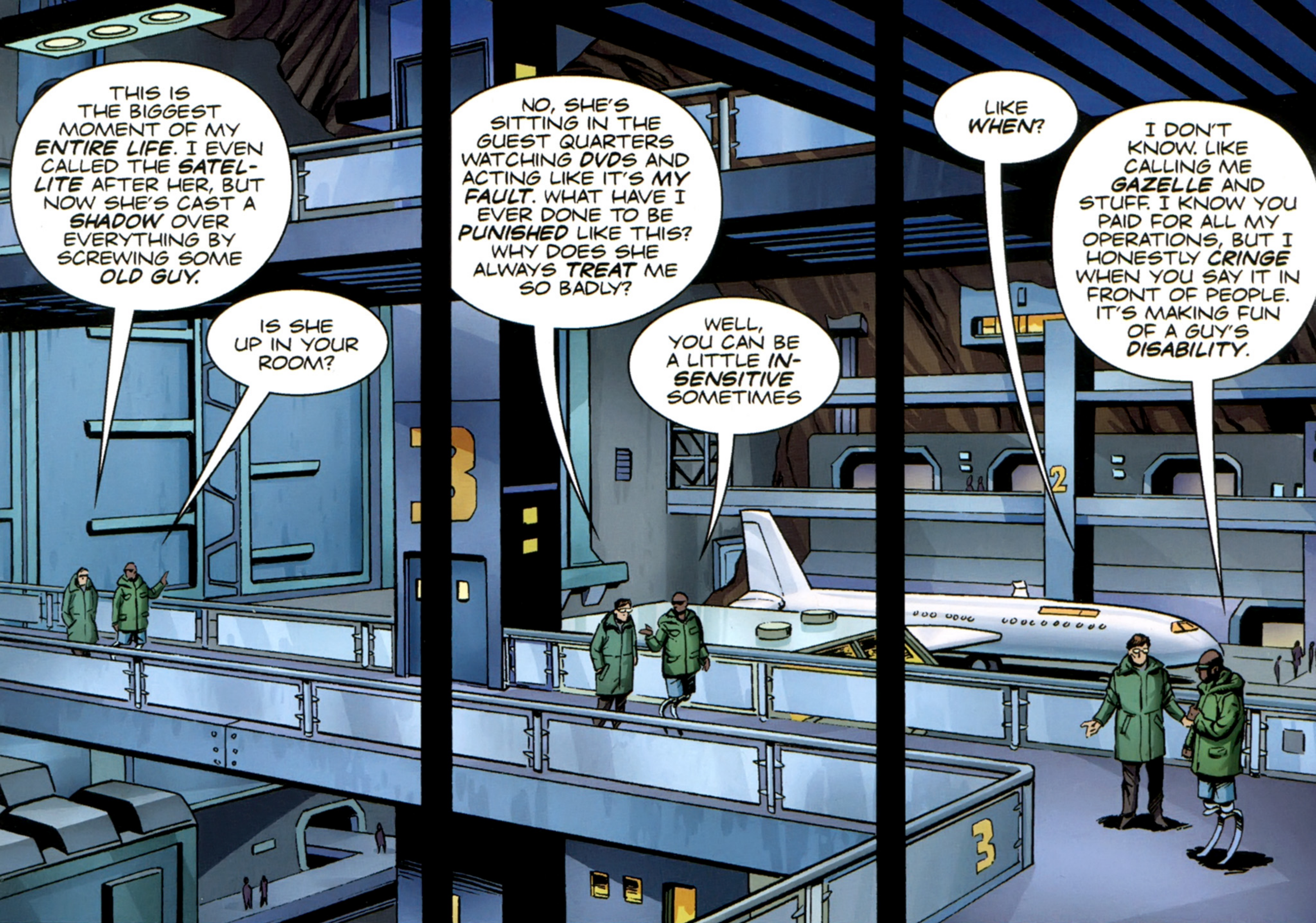
IT'S THE
SCALE OF IT
ALL THAT BLOWS
ME AWAY. WHEN
DID YOU START
TUNNELLING
OUT **THE**
MOUNTAINS?

THE DAY I MADE
MY FIRST BILLION.
MY FINAL YEAR OF
HIGH SCHOOL.

I'VE HAD
THIS PLAN
SINCE I WAS
TWELVE YEARS
OLD AND REALIZED
NOBODY ELSE WAS
GOING TO DO ANY-
THING ABOUT ALL
THOSE **RIISING**
TIDES AND **HURRI-**
CANES AND
TSUNAMIS.

ARE YOU
OKAY? YOU
SEEM A LITTLE
DOWN.

I'M JUST UPSET ABOUT
THIS WHOLE THING WITH
AMBROSIA. I WAS REALLY **LOOK-**
ING FORWARD TO SHOWING HER
ALL THIS, BUT SHE'S TOTALLY
PISSED ME OFF AGAIN.





HOW
MUCH FURTHER
DO WE HAVE
TO GO?



EIGHTY-SEVEN MILES, ACCORDING
TO THE NAVIGATION SYSTEM. WE'RE
FLYING BLIND, BUT THERE'S NO
REASON GRAVES WOULDN'T HAVE
HAD THE **CORRECT CO-ORDINATES**
PROGRAMMED IN.

IS EVERYONE
TOOLED-UP AND READY
FOR THE ASSAULT?

LASER-PENS,
GAS-PELLETS,
EXPLODING
CIGARETTES...
WHATEVER WE
COULD STICK IN
OUR POCKETS
WITHOUT
SLOWING US
DOWN,
GARY.



WHAT
ABOUT
YOU, BIG
MAN? HOW'S
THE CLIMB
GOING?

TO BE
HONEST,
I'M STILL NOT
ENTIRELY SURE
HOW I MANAGED
TO GET TALKED
INTO THIS
MADNESS...



...A BALLOON,
A HALO-SUIT AND
A ROCKET-LAUNCHER?
THE ODDS MUST BE A
BILLION TO ONE I'M
GOING TO HIT THE
SATELLITE FROM
HERE.

YOU'RE
THE BEST
CHANCE WE'VE GOT
OF TAKING IT DOWN,
HUGO. THIS IS WHAT
YOU GET FOR BEING
SUCH A GOOD
SHOT, MATE.



WHAT'S THE
PLAN ONCE WE
BREACH THEIR
WALLS?

WELL, NICK'S
GOING TO SABOTAGE THE
IN-HOUSE COMPUTERS, BUT
YOUR NUMBER ONE PRIORITY
SHOULD BE FREEING
THE CELEBRITIES.

THERE MIGHT
ONLY BE TEN OF US
HERE, BUT WE'LL HAVE
THOUSANDS ON OUR
SIDE ONCE WE BREAK
THEM OUT OF THEIR
CELLS.



WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING?

DO I REALLY NEED TO SAY?

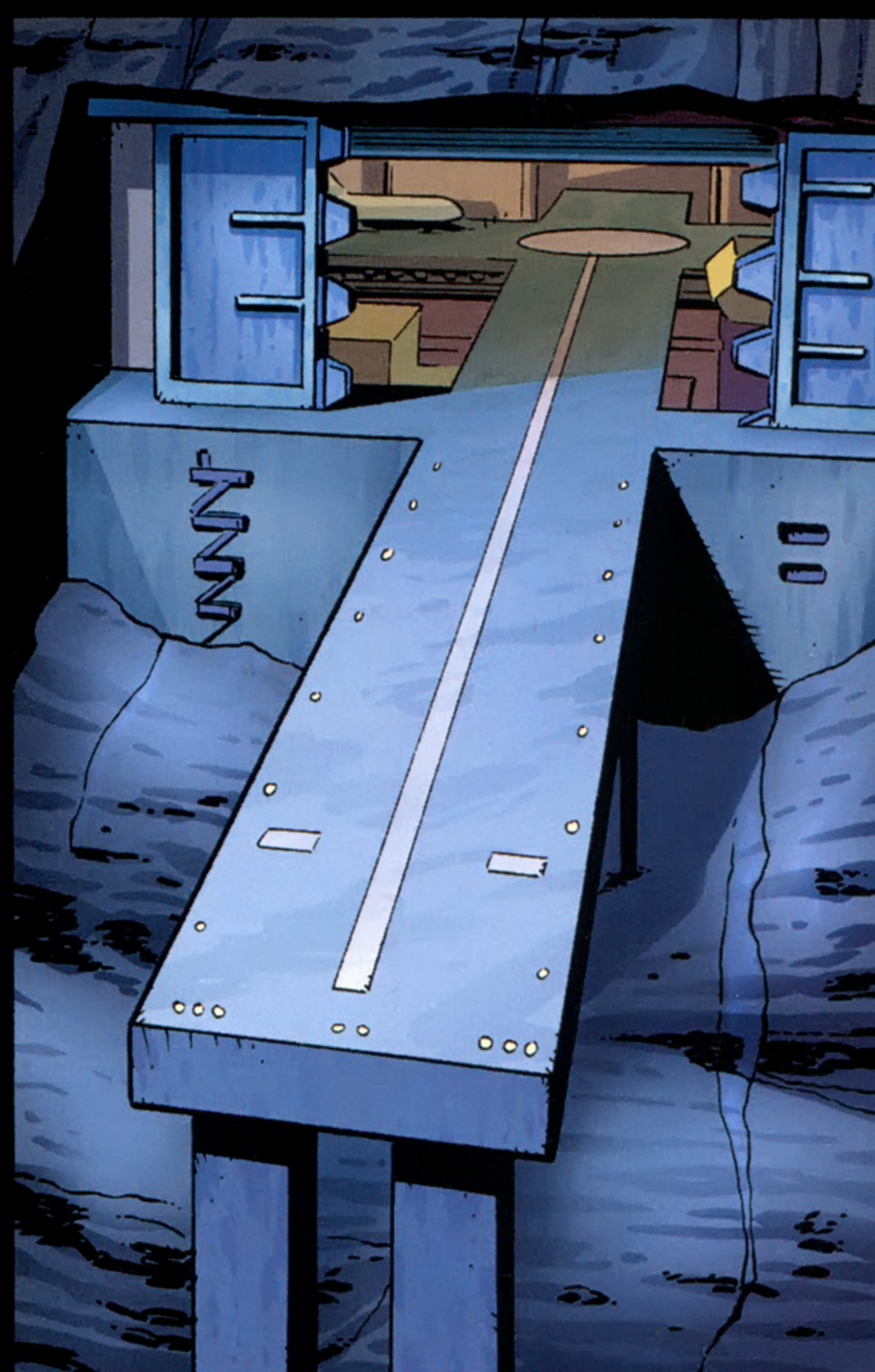


INCOMING CRAFT, THIS IS GROUND-BASE OLYMPUS. PLEASE IDENTIFY YOURSELF.

UH, OLYMPUS, THIS IS RUPERT GRAVES AND HIS SUPPORT TEAM REQUESTING PERMISSION TO LAND.



PERMISSION GRANTED. DOORS OPENING.



MY GOD. WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?



OUT OF
THE PLANE!
QUICK...



OH, AND
MAKE SURE
YOUR **IMPACT
BOOTS** ARE
SWITCHED
ON!



CAN YOU DO
THE REST
WITH THE
**CONTROL-
LER?**



JUST
WATCH...





RIGHT.

GET FUCKING INTO THEM!



DOWNSTAIRS:

WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? IS THIS A DRILL?



TAKE IT EASY, PEOPLE. WE'RE M16. NOW GET OUT OF YOUR CELLS AND GRAB A WEAPON!



DO YOU KNOW HOW TO FIRE A GUN?

MATE, I USED TO PLAY JAMES BOND. I'VE BEEN DOING THIS SHIT SINCE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.



UPSTAIRS:

JAMES!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?



WE'RE
UNDER
ATTACK! I
NEED TO
BRING THE
WHOLE PLAN
FORWARD AND
RELEASE THE
FREQUENCY AS
QUICKLY AS
I CAN!



NICK, THIS IS GARY.
THESE GOGGLES YOU
BUILT ARE AMAZING.
THEY'VE HACKED INTO
THE SECURITY CAMERAS
JUST LIKE YOU SAID
THEY WOULD...

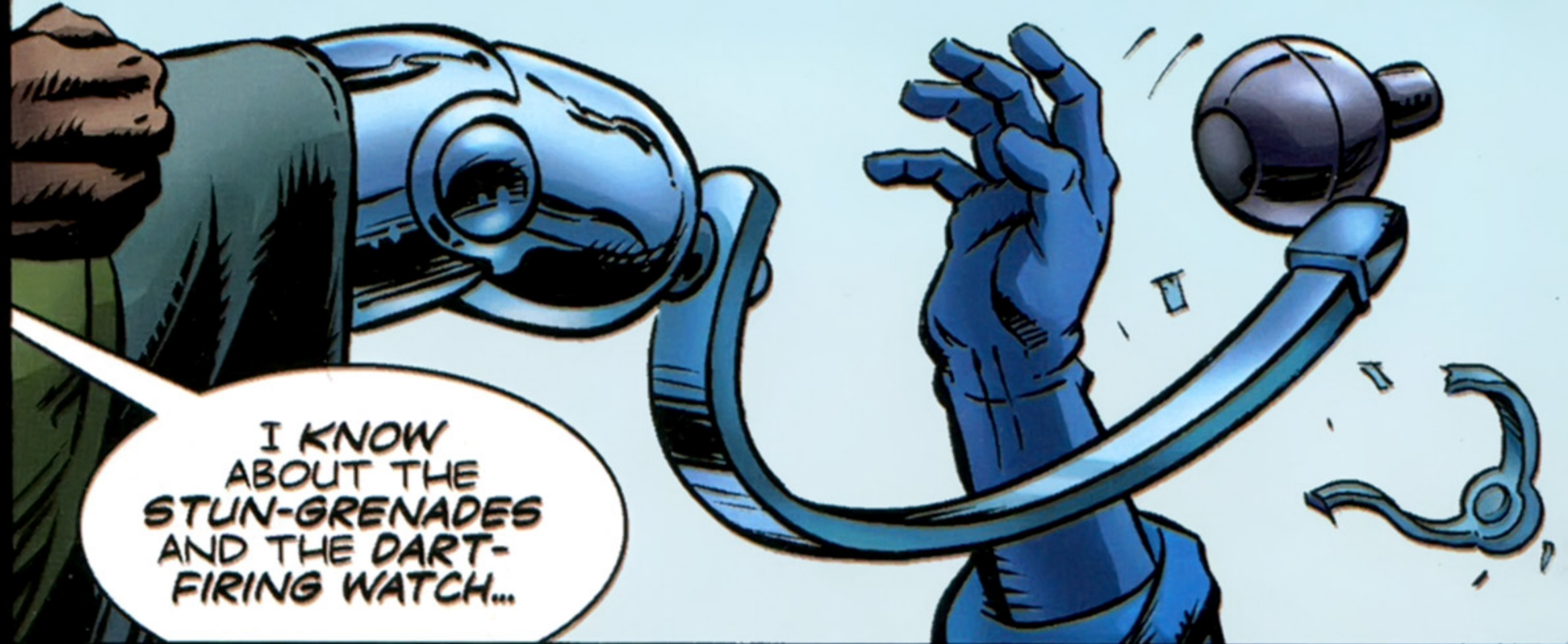
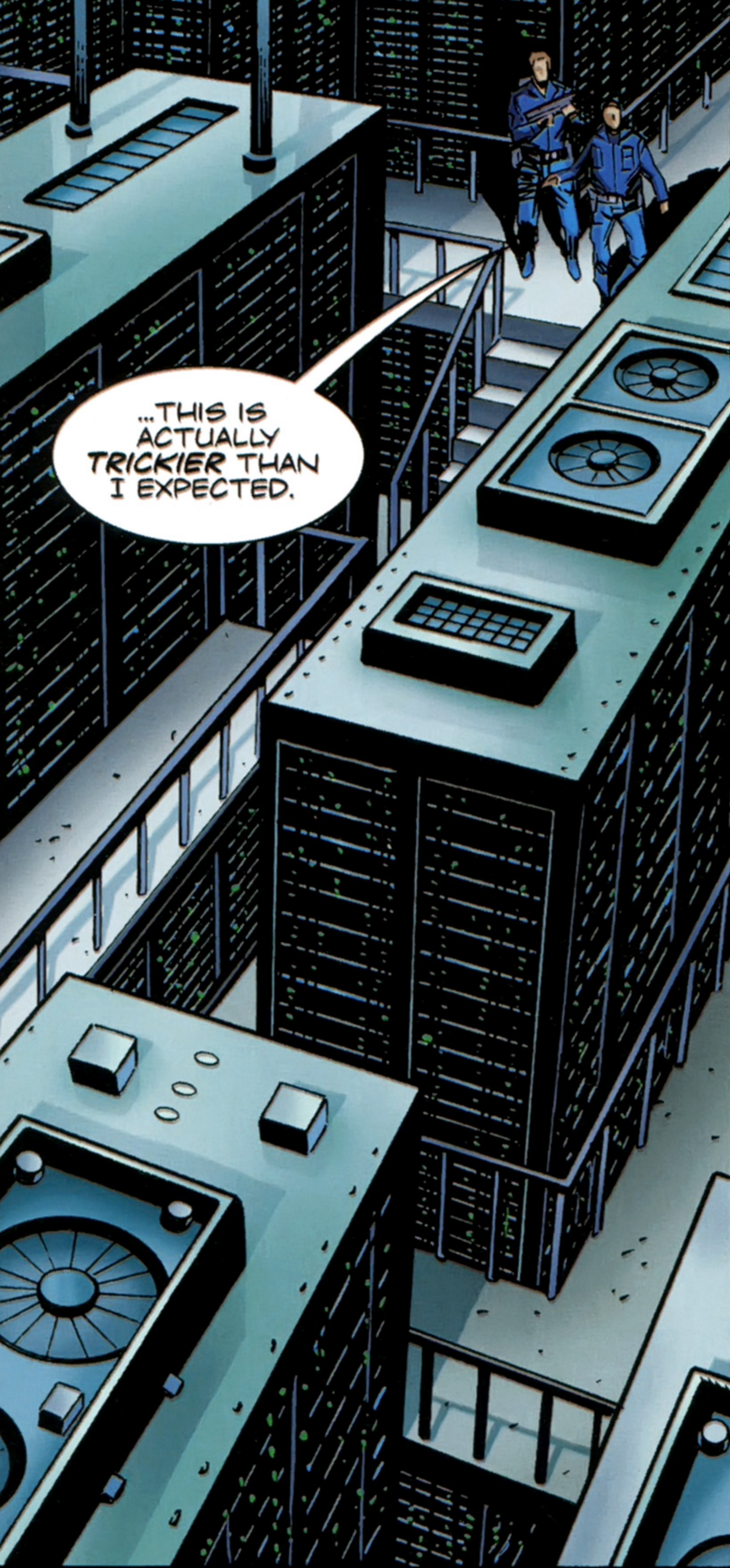


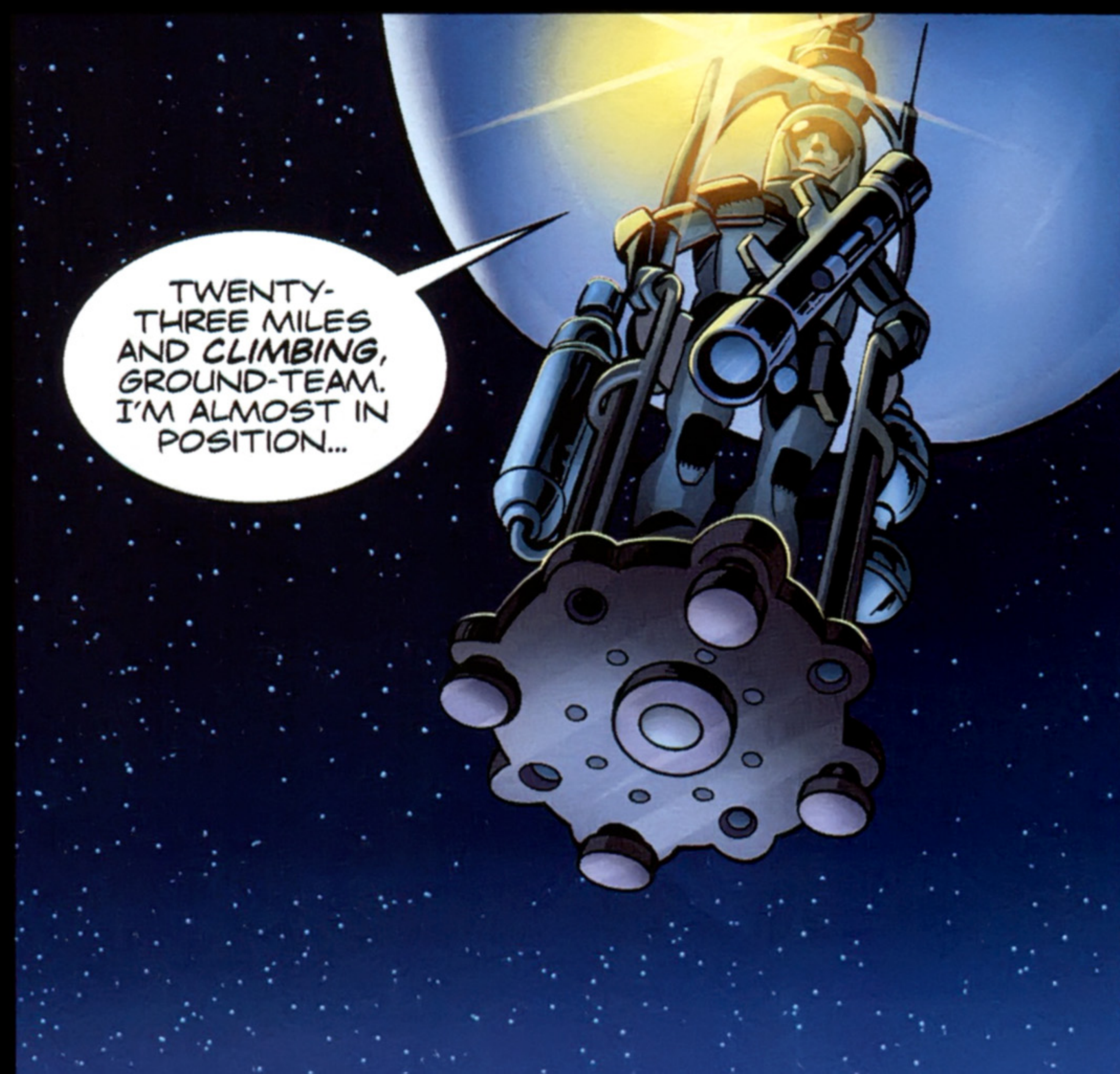
"...ALL I'VE HAD TO
DO IS SCROLL
THROUGH THE
ROOMS UNTIL I
FOUND THIS PRICK."

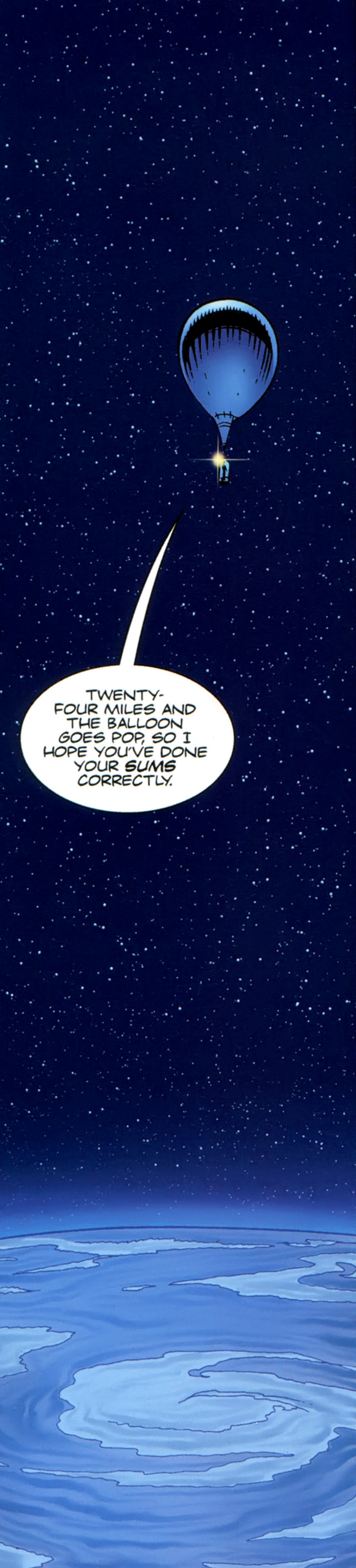


"HE'S UP ON
LEVEL FOUR. I'M
LOOKING AT HIM
RIGHT NOW."









TWENTY-FOUR MILES AND THE BALLOON GOES POP, SO I HOPE YOU'VE DONE YOUR SUMS CORRECTLY.



WHAT NOW? A PEN-KNIFE?

SERIOUSLY, YOU'RE COMING AT ME WITH A BLOODY PEN-KNIFE? IS THAT HOW DESPERATE YOU'VE GOT?

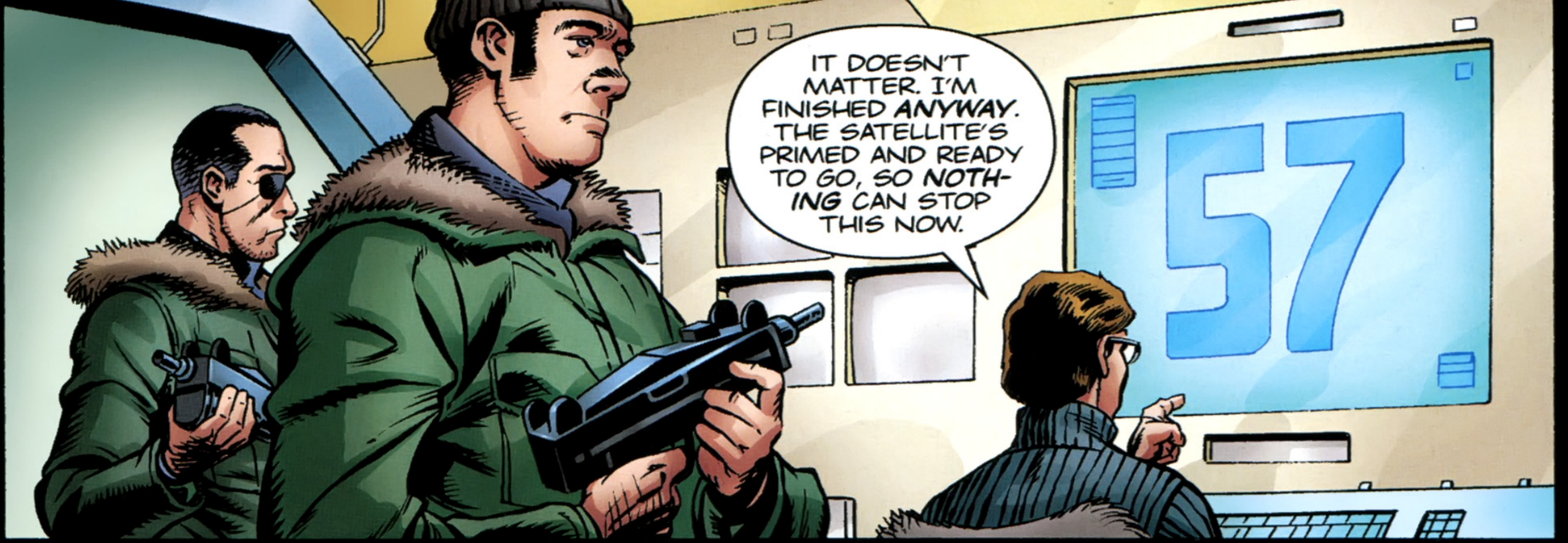


ACTUALLY, IT'S A LASER PEN-KNIFE...

AAGH!









I'M FLOATING UP HERE AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT **HEIGHT**, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE SATELLITE ANYWHERE.

I THINK WE MUST HAVE GOT THE CO-ORDINATES MIXED UP BECAUSE I'M ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE **NEAR** IT.

OH, MAN...



I'M REALLY, DREADFULLY **SORRY** ABOUT THIS, BUT I'M HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THAT SWEET-SPOT UP HERE WHERE THE BALLOON'S ABOUT TO **BURST**.

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT **SOMETHING ELSE** UP YOUR SLEEVE. THIS ALWAYS SEEMED A BIT OF A **LONG-SHOT**, TO BE HONEST.



SHIT!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...

IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST. **TRUST** ME. I DON'T WANT TO SEE THE HUMAN RACE CLUBBING EACH OTHER TO DEATH ANY MORE THAN YOU DO...

BUT I'D RATHER LOSE FIVE BILLION NOW THAN FACE **TOTAL EXTINCTION** A FEW YEARS DOWN THE LINE.

COUNTDOWN COMPLETE

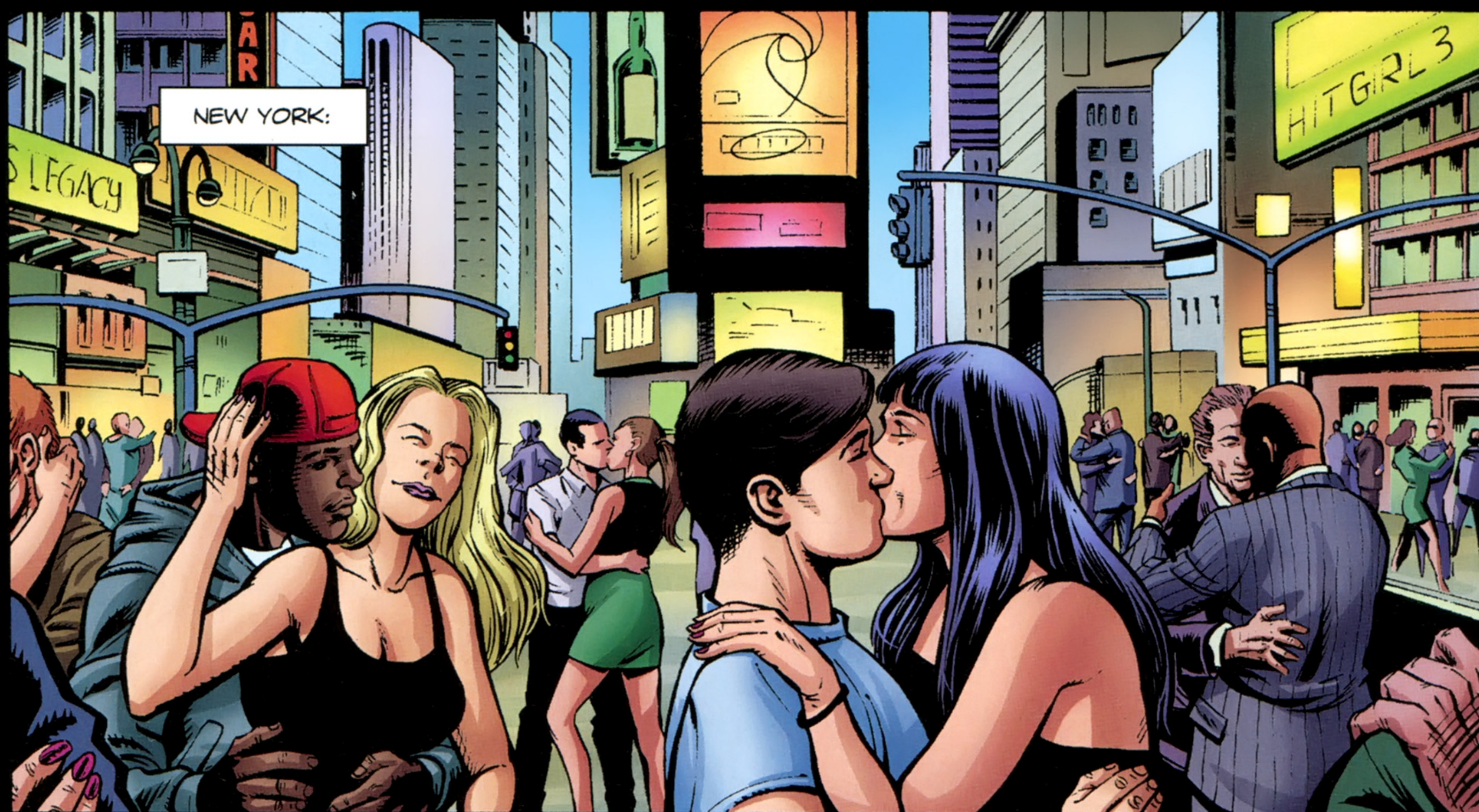




PARIS:



NEW YORK:



LONDON:





PECKHAM:

WHERE THE SODDING HELL DID THAT LITTLE PRICK GET SPECIAL BRANCH ID? FAIR ENOUGH THEY GAVE IT TO HIS UNCLE, BUT HOW DOES A TOSSER LIKE THAT GET A CARD? IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.



'ERE, DAVE. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

I-I-I CAN'T HELP IT, MATE. I JUST FEEL SO BLOODY HORNY RIGHT NOW.



OH, THANK CHRIST. I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST ME.



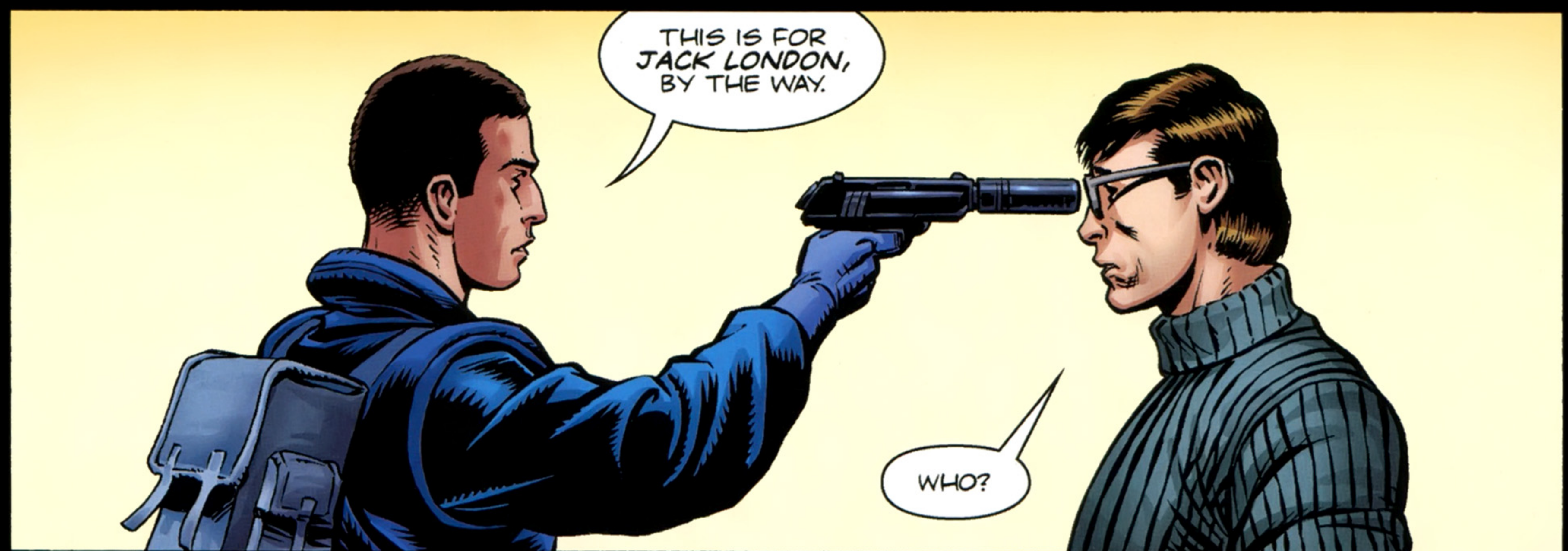
KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL:

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY'S EVERYBODY GETTING OFF WITH EACH OTHER?

WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE JUST GET ME A GLASS OF WATER?



PERFECT...





DEAR GARY,

IF YOU'RE READING THIS LETTER, THE BAD NEWS FOR ME IS THAT I'VE DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY AND THIS HAS BEEN PASSED ALONG.

I'VE ALWAYS WRITTEN MY GOOD-BYES ON THE LAST DAY OF EVERY MONTH BECAUSE VIOLENT DEATH IS AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD, AND I HOPE THAT I'VE TAUGHT YOU THE IMPORTANCE OF HAVING ALL YOUR AFFAIRS IN ORDER.

I'VE BEEN WRITING THESE LETTERS SINCE I TURNED EIGHTEEN WITH INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW I'D LIKE MY ESTATE TO BE DIVIDED.

IT'S PROBABLY NOT AS MUCH AS YOU THINK, BUT I'D LIKE ONE THIRD TO GO TO THE ROYAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTE, ONE THIRD TO GO THE BRITISH HEART FOUNDATION AND ALL REMAINING MONIES TO GO TO YOUR MOTHER.

I WAS SO KEEN TO GET OUT OF THAT AREA THAT I'VE NEGLECTED HER OVER THE YEARS, ALWAYS TOO BUSY EVEN TO PICK UP THE PHONE.

I HOPE THIS GOES SOME WAY TO RECTIFY THAT AND GIVE HER SOME CAPITAL TO MAYBE DO SOMETHING WITH HER LIFE AT LAST.

I KNOW THAT OSTENSIBLY I'VE BEEN TEACHING YOU IN OUR PERIOD TOGETHER, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND I GENUINELY BELIEVE THAT YOU'VE BEEN TEACHING ME TOO.

I'VE TAUGHT YOU ALL ABOUT GOOD CLOTHES AND FINE WINES AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES AND NUCLEAR BOMBS... BUT YOU'VE TAUGHT ME WHAT WAS MISSING FROM MY LIFE.

I LOVE MY JOB AND IT BRINGS ME ENORMOUS SATISFACTION, BUT AT THE SAME TIME I'VE BEEN VERY LONELY OVER THE YEARS TOO. I'VE TREASURED THE TIME WE'VE HAD JUST TALKING ABOUT ALL THE STUPID, LITTLE THINGS.

CAN YOU BELIEVE, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE WRITTEN MY GOODBYE LETTER TO SOMEONE I'M ON FIRST NAME TERMS WITH?



THANK YOU FOR BRINGING SOME WARMTH TO MY LIFE AND PLEASE DON'T USE MY DEATH AS AN EXCUSE TO QUIT OR WALLOW IN SELF-PITY.

I'VE GIVEN YOU THE KEYS TO SOMETHING WONDERFUL HERE, AND AM PLEASED TO SEE SOMEONE FROM MY BACKGROUND IMPROVE HIMSELF, JUST AS I WORKED HARD TO BUILD A BETTER LIFE FOR MYSELF.



THE MEDIA LOVE NOTHING MORE THAN TO PORTRAY US AS FECKLESS AND WORK-SHY, BUT I HOPE I'VE PROVEN THAT A MAN IS CAPABLE OF ANYTHING IN LIFE.

ALL WE NEED IS A LITTLE OPPORTUNITY AND SOMEONE WHO BELIEVES IN US.



WORK HARD, HELP OTHERS AND DON'T FALL INTO THIS ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM THAT'S ENCOURAGED BY THE PEOPLE WHO WOULD HAVE OUR CLASS IN GOLD CHAINS AND NASTY BASEBALL CAPS.

THEY ONLY WANT TO LAUGH AT US ON THEIR REALITY TELEVISION SHOWS.



BUT DON'T BECOME SOME ESTABLISHMENT LACKEY EITHER. REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE. KEEP YOUR SILLIEST NICK-NAME IF YOU CAN.

OH, AND ONE FINAL REQUEST...

WHAT'S THIS?

OH, NOTHING. JUST A LITTLE TRADITION I PROMISED UNCLE JACK I'D KEEP UP IF I INHERITED HIS FLAT...



... A LITTLE REMINDER TO MYSELF ABOUT WHAT DIDN'T MAKE THE NEXT DAY'S NEWSPAPERS.



DOESN'T IT BOTHER YOU? ALL THESE STUPID CELEBRITIES BEING FETED AND NOBODY KNOWING WHAT WE DID TO STOP JAMES ARNOLD?

NAH. FAME DOESN'T MAKE YOU HAPPY, MATE...



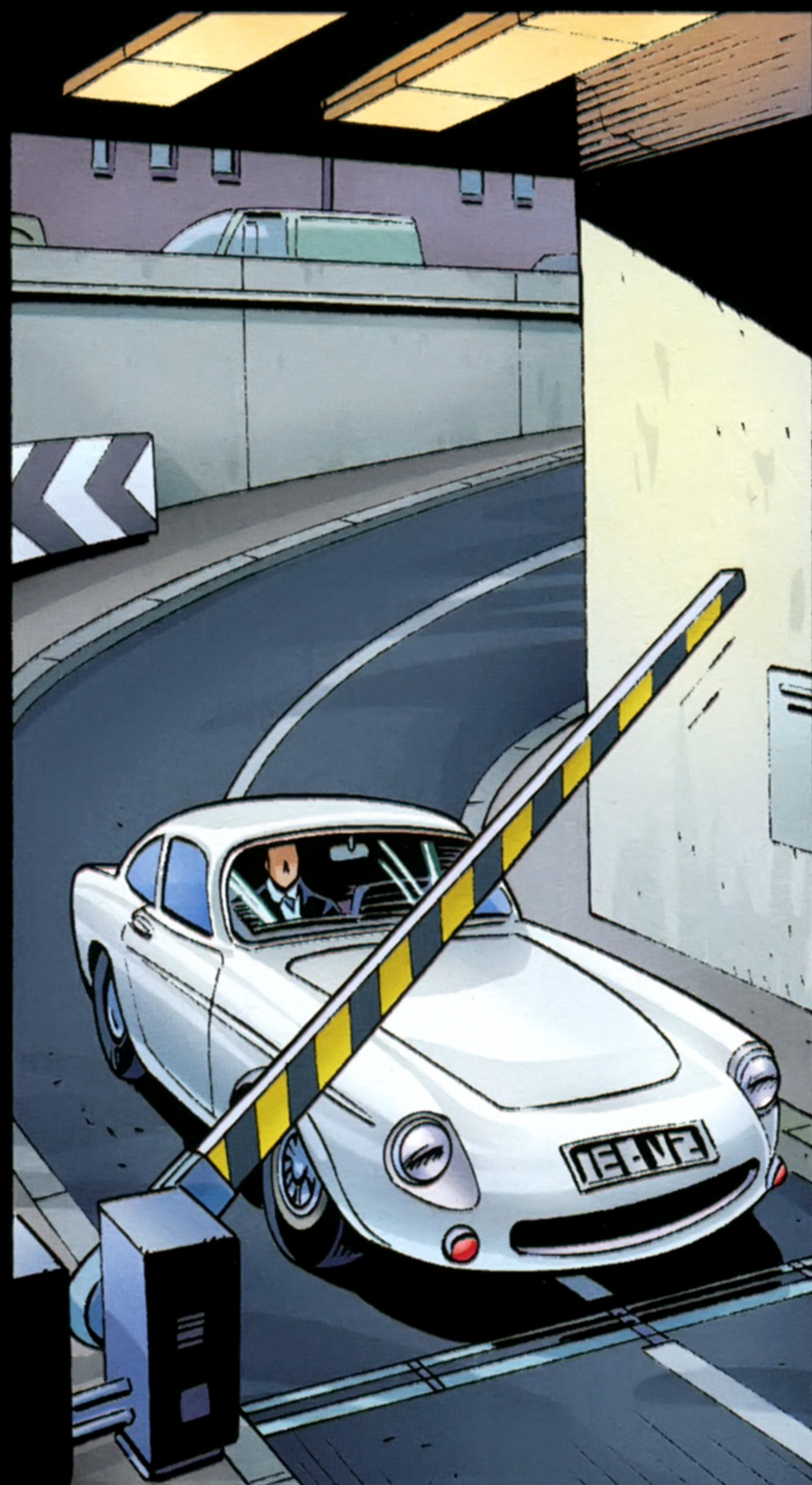
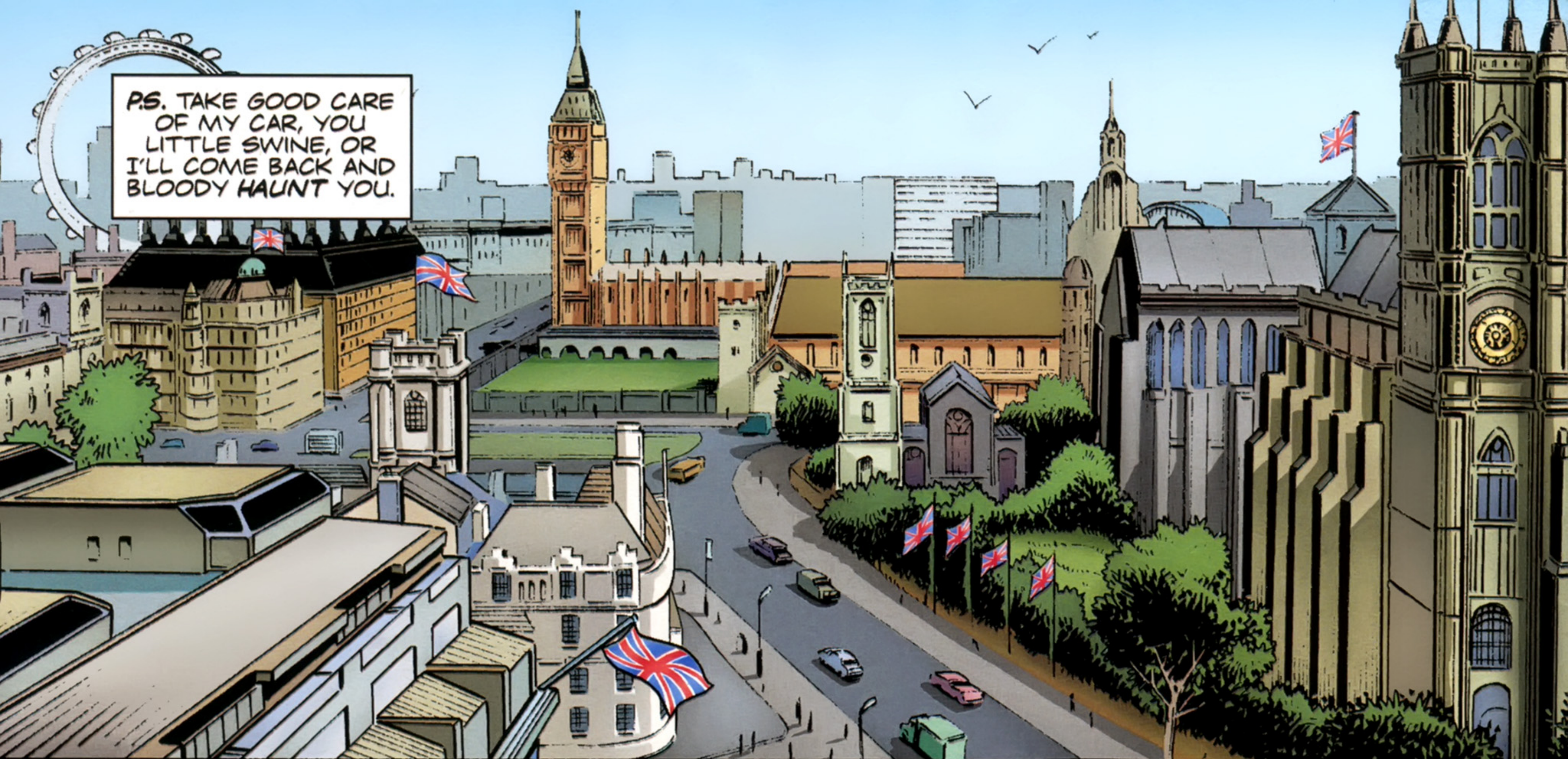
HELPING OTHER PEOPLE IS THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS. PUBLIC SERVICE IS WHAT GIVES A MAN REAL VALUE.

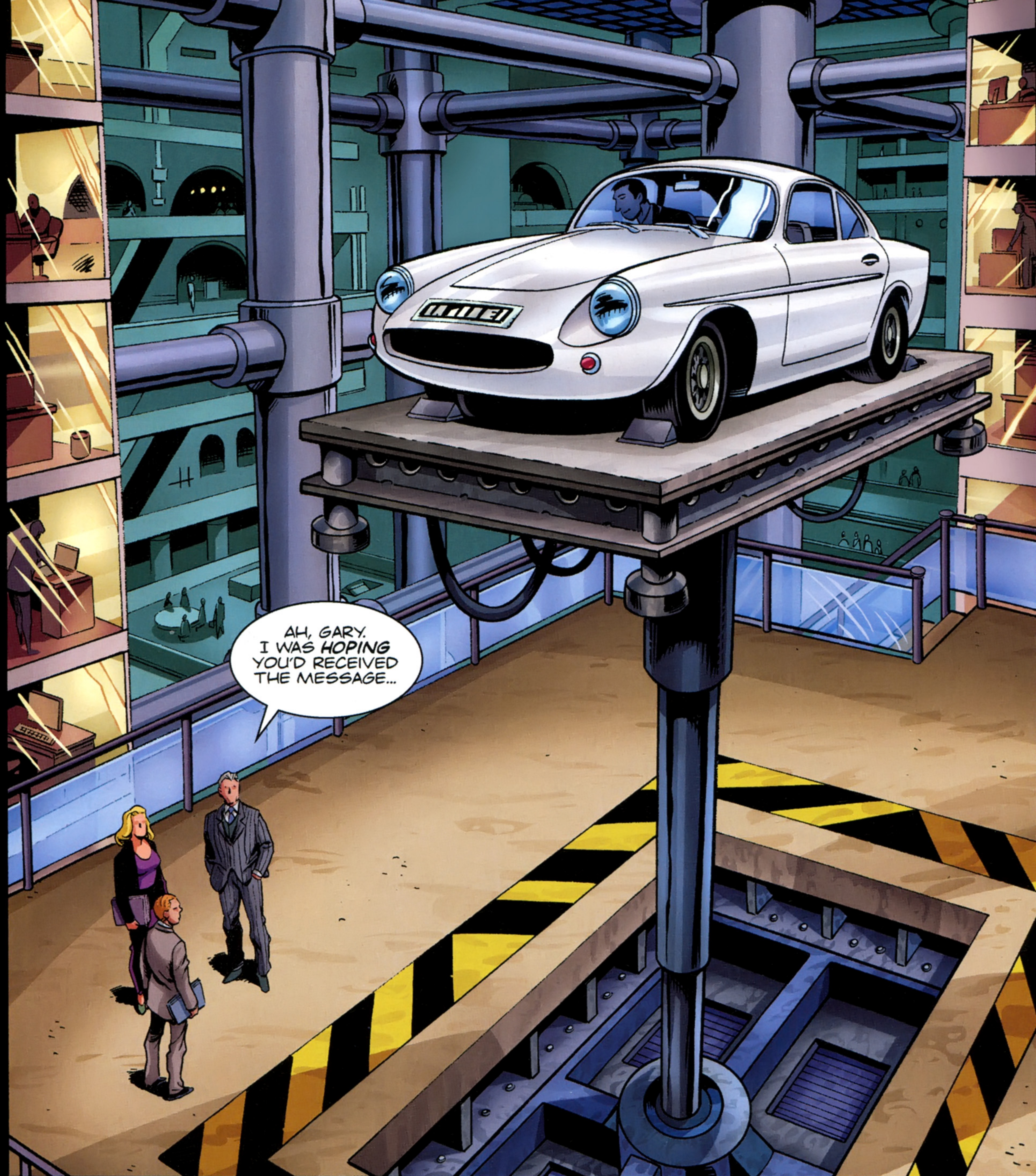


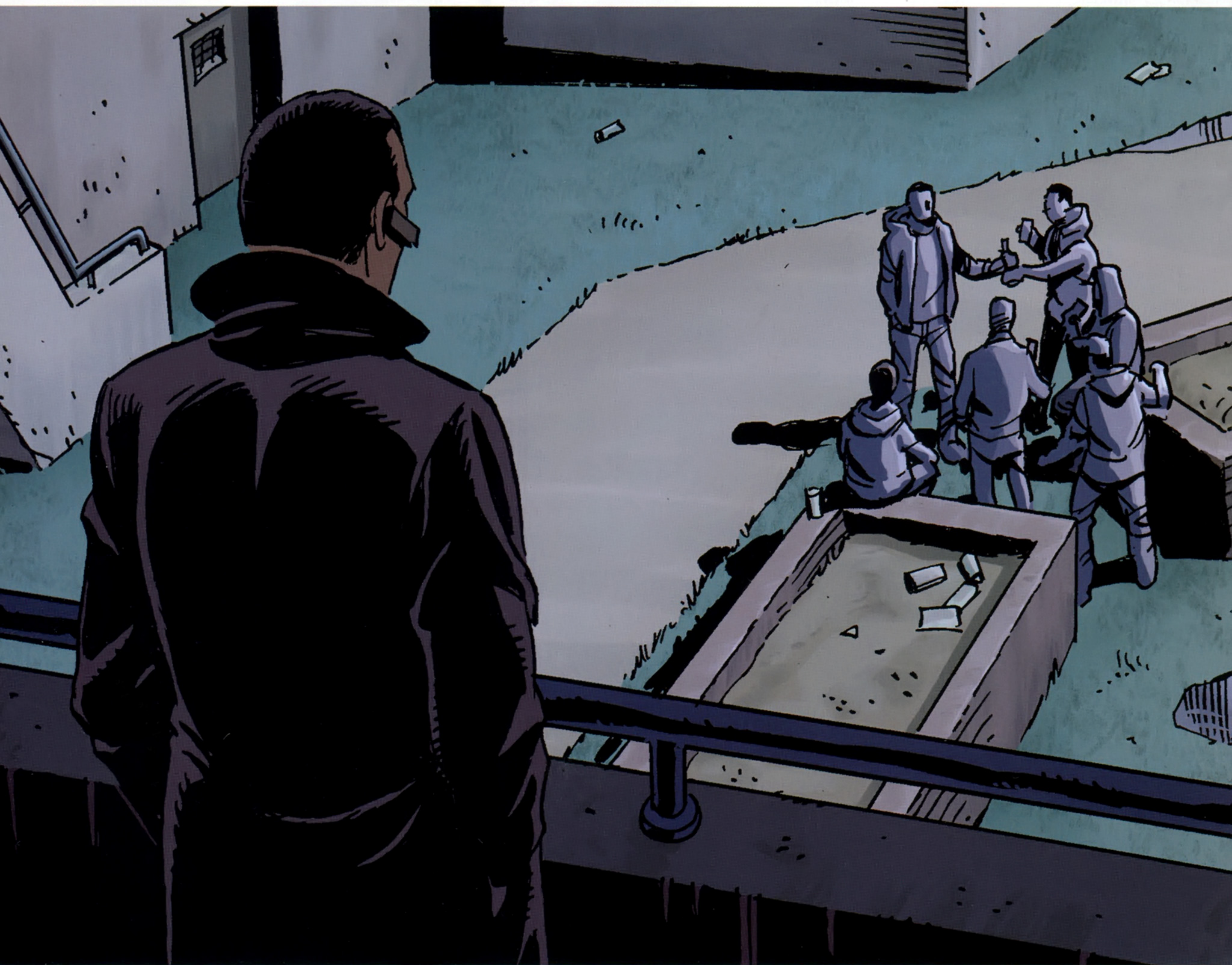
WELL SAID.

TO JACK LONDON, BOYS AND GIRLS. MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

CHEERS.







Gary's life is going nowhere. He lives in public housing with a mother who answers to her brutish boyfriend, and spends his nights carousing with pals. But Gary's Uncle Jack has taken a different path—one of glamour, danger and mystery. And when Jack is called upon to get his nephew out of trouble one last time, their lives are going to intersect in a way neither of them could have foreseen.

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